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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1906.

## Political Independence.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence solemnly asserted, in that immortal document, that the time had arrived when, in the course of human events, there should be a dissolution of the bonds between the United States and the mother country. In very much the same spirit thousands of American voters seem to believe that the time has arrived when they should dissolve the bonds that have hitherto attached them to their political parties.

This spirit of political independence, which has been manifestly increasing during the past few years, will apparently reach high-water mark in New York State at the approaching election. The party harness has been thrown from many a stalwart voter's back, and even the workmen are representing the intention that they can be driven to the polls like dumb cattle. The old-time party canvasses, which had all the voters classified long before election day, are no longer to be relied upon. Men are thinking and acting for themselves, and the task of the political leader was never quite so difficult as now. The voters are viewing men and principles from their own standpoint, the result being that the outcome is almost everywhere clouded with uncertainty until the closing of the polls.

The underlying cause for this condition of affairs may be the spread of popular intelligence or it may be some other cause. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that never before in our national history was there the same necessity for independent and right-minded action as exists to-day. This is especially true as regards the so-called conservative class. The time has passed when the believer in social order and good government can sit supinely, disregarding the duty which he owes to himself and to his country. The forces of radicalism and socialism are aroused. Their uprising may be due to evil conditions, but even should this be the case, the remedies for those conditions should not be applied by an element which knows not how to govern. We are not prepared to admit that the times are out of joint, as loud-mouthed agitators claim. On the contrary, evidence of prosperity abound and are visible in all strata of society. The fact remains, however, that appeals are being made to passion and envy, and unless the conservative element of the country makes itself felt at the polls there is no telling what the result may be. The voting must be done independently of previous party affiliations. If necessary, but it is of vital importance that the votes be cast. Otherwise the nation will find that a Pandora's box has been opened, with a thousand consequent ills.

The time has passed when politics can be indifferently regarded. The day has come when believers in right thinking, right acting, and right living must stand together shoulder to shoulder at the polls and not sit separately in their comfortable homes. It is in their power to keep the ship of state upon her safe and traditional course. If they do not their duty they will have no one but themselves to blame.

The President says: "Any man who intimates that I am not heartily for Mr. Hughes is either willfully or inadvertently laboring under a delusion." We trust this simplified way of calling a man a liar is not entirely lost upon Senators Tillman and Bailey, nor to mention Mr. Chandler.

Washington—Light and Dirt.  
A reader asks The Herald whether it has said its final word about Washington's unkempt, ill-lighted streets. By no means. It expects to have more to say along that line—and other lines purely local—from time to time. Already it feels that perhaps the little it has said was not altogether barren of results. The street-cleaning department had one busy week, at least, and its principles thoroughly were before. But there is much yet to be done. One cleaning is not enough. If we are ever to have really clean streets—as we proudly recall we once had in the distant past—the cleaning department must be kept eternally at it.

Once clean, the streets should be kept clean. Work by fits and starts will not do it. Regular, systematic work is the thing required. Incidentally, the law or regulation against littering the streets needs vigorous enforcement, and the dirty alleys in all parts of the city are fairly reeking for attention.

Recurring to the subject of lighting, everybody knows that Washington is not as well lighted as it should be. The fact is patent to all visitors, and is a subject of common comment, as well, with Washingtonians returning from other cities. This is the Capital of the Nation, Bear that in mind. Washington should be the best-lighted city in the country. Certainly we pay enough for light. Since everybody admits that Washington is ill-lighted, it must be the system adopted by our governing body that is at fault. If this be the case, why not correct it, and at once?

There is hardly a statue at the Capitol—and we are proud of our statuary—that can be recognized after twilight; and this is but one of many evidences of a poorly lighted town.

A well-known citizen, who has been groping about heretofore, sends this message to The Herald:

"What The Herald has said about the dim lighting of the streets of Washington will be appreciated by large numbers of the citizens. We are happy to find in this part of the city by a recent change from the plain gas tips to incandescent burners. The streets in the vicinity of Third, D, and Florida avenue northwest are now light."

Washington's general beauties constantly charm us; its glorious future is steadily before us; we dream about it, write about it, and make speeches about it. All this is well. It makes for Greater Washington. But let us not be too self-satisfied. Let us not overlook the things we ought to be ashamed of. Chief among these are our ill-lighted, dirty streets.

Later Burbank has invented an apple half sweet and half sour. Little Johnnie knows just which side his little sister is going to get, too.

Monroe Doctrine Not Obsolete.  
Prof. John W. Burgess spoke only for himself, of course, when he told the unsuspecting Germans that the Monroe doctrine was almost obsolete, though most Americans are, as the professor said, unaware of its obsolescence. It would be strange if anybody of consequence in Germany were deceived by the professor's expression of private opinion into the belief that it represented President Roosevelt's views on an important question of international policy. For the President has on more than one occasion expressed opinions directly the reverse of those entertained by Prof. Burgess. He has always stood squarely on the Monroe doctrine, and has persistently based his argument for a larger navy on the necessity of adequate preparation for the enforcement of that doctrine, should occasion arise for the use of naval power in that connection.

Evidently Prof. Burgess had in mind the political rather than the military aspect of the Monroe doctrine. It is true that there is no likelihood of the establishment of monarchical institutions on American soil through European colonization, and that danger may be said to have passed. But we are not yet free from the possibility that some European nation, pursuing a policy of foreign aggression in its ambition to become a world-power, may covet and attempt to acquire American territory, either on the mainland or on some one of the islands bordering the Caribbean Sea. The United States could hardly view such acquisition in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the American nation. We could not permit the establishment of naval stations and military strongholds within easy steaming distance of our shores, or within gunshot of our insular possessions, without forcible protest. And against such possible aggression the Monroe doctrine stands as a solemn warning. It will not be obsolete until the military danger it is designed to avert shall have passed finally and forever.

Gov. Vanderman declares that he will remain in politics until the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments are repealed. We hardly see how Congress can decline the opportunity to get rid of Vanderman that easy.

Music, Classical and Otherwise.  
Herr Franz Koehler, leader of Pittsburgh's most famous orchestra, has aroused a storm of protest by his point-blank refusal to interpose between his classical effusions a few of "the latest and most popular songs of the day."

Notwithstanding an unusually strong petition, the leader flatly, finally, and emphatically declines to allow any "rag time" with his Wagnerian overbush and seeks to push aside, as mere rubbish, all the Charles K. Harris ilk, once and forevermore.

John Philip Sousa, whose warfare on "canned music" certainly stamps him indelibly as a "musician and an artist," owes the greater part of his popularity to his campaign against the "canned music" program arranged in his soul. Mr. Sousa longs, of course, for nothing but classical music with unpronounceable names on the program; but he is far too good a judge of human nature, and the moods of his auditors, to entirely overlook the necessity of waiving them around again. While-around, around-around-as an encore, if nothing else.

The late Bill Wyler declared that "classical music is not near so bad as it sounds," and Herr Koehler should remember that we cannot all be students of Beethoven, Mozart, and others we might mention of the same artistic temperament and ability. The jolly jingle of the pebbles "rag time" may reach the appreciative inwardness of many a poor soul too deficient in intelligence, as that rather relative term is accepted to mean, to receive it otherwise.

Of course, as for ourselves, and for every other one, personally and individually, we admit a preference for the classical and the artistic. It will not do to admit anything else. And so, therefore, we uphold the professor, cordially and like a brother with an equally sensitive soul. But when considering the less fortunately endowed, we are bound to confess that a little of the lighter side of musical genius is not always amiss.

Prof. Brander Matthews says the English language, as now spelled, is "violent, chaotic, illogical, and absurd." Let's see; isn't there a vacant post-office, judiciously, or something lying around loose for the professor?

looms large in the average voter's mind when making his choice between parties. That is human nature.

As for the "color line," so-called, it seems to stretch pretty well from Key West to the Golden Gate.

California displays a slight disinclination to look upon the educating of the Jap right alongside of the Caucasian as part of the white man's burden.

"The public will find that the Standard Oil, though much maligned, has the patience of Job," says a lawyer. That ought to encourage Mr. Rockefeller. Job had many trials, but came out on top at last.

Perhaps it may yet be necessary for Uncle Sam to go over to Tokyo and get that Christmas dinner which Kurapatkin overlooked.

In Oscar Straus, the South claims to have one near Cabinet member, anyhow.

Senator Scott is said to be very much opposed to a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. Did we understand a large, stout gentleman to say "Great Scott?" or was it the long, tall gentleman with the whiskers?

What do the Cubans care about their guns being thrown into the sea? Every well-regulated revolutionist knows that the gun is the smallest part of a proper revolutionary equipment.

No matter which side wins in New York, the other can console itself with a personal Mrs. Roosevelt's book about why pie isn't a good thing, anyhow.

Some one has invented a phonograph that can be heard a mile. There ought to be a law against allowing such inventions to run at large.

Reports from Warsaw for the past year seem clearly to indicate that peace has abdicated and left no successor.

"Missouri has a hog worth \$2,000," says a Kansas City paper. We are at a loss to determine whether this is a personal item, a financial tip, or an industrial suggestion.

We have not taken the trouble to trace Count Boni's pedigree very far back, but we are convinced that he is a direct descendant of that well-known old-time character, the gentlemanly giant who killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

"How big are we?" asks the Chicago Journal. We are too polite to tell you.

"Policy holders, take notice," demands the Charleston News and Courier. It is really time the policy holders were taking something besides the bait.

It seems, after all, that Senator Bailey's opponents in Texas are having a hard time convincing the State at large that the only material fit for Senatorial honors is the bristly barrier.

So those ice men must go to jail. The scales of justice have a pretty good joke on the ice scales.

All the New York City papers are for Hughes and against Hearst, except one. No wonder it occurred to Judge Parker to pray.

A magazine states that California's capitol cost \$2,500,000. That is hardly the price of a chandelier in Pennsylvania.

After a visit from Vice President Fairbanks, W. J. Bryan, and Bird S. McGuire, the Tulsa (Ind. T.) Guide remarks, "Look out, it will be Carrie Nation next."

Then the Guide thinks things are going from bad to worse out that way.

Candidate Moran, of Massachusetts, declares that he has "eliminated Hearst and Bryan." Doubtless the news hasn't reached New York.

That brewer who left \$2,000 to his workmen, in order that they might purchase a sufficiency of the necessary fluid in which to drink his health, certainly must have had a fine vein of satire running through his make-up.

It will be noticed that no matter how the newspaper writers ridicule Mr. Brainerd's editorials, none of them suggests that he is getting too much salary.

It seems that Candidate Moran intends to take advantage of the silly season and get it all off his mind in a hunch.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds to bear the foreign noblemen market will be a success.

Mr. Edison's new storage battery may, as he says, put the horse out of business in another year, but as long as tailors and milliners live, cannot put the horse show out of business.

Mr. Silvers seems to have been much more fortunate in his selection of a health resort than Banker Stensland was.

"Uncle Remus" is going to start a magazine down in Georgia. So old "Brer Rabbit" has landed in the briar patch at last.

When we consider all the things that Thomas Jefferson would be called upon to stand for, could he really come to life, as the spellbinders so earnestly profess to wish, we rather think it is just as well for Thomas' peace of mind that he cannot come.

That press agent for "The Clansman" seems to have pretty successfully lynched his show in Philadelphia.

The New York Mail calls Kind Edward a "reformer." If the King's Ambassador doesn't demand his passports after that, we think our "traditional friendship" is all right.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

GOOSEBONES.

Si Perkins takes his goosebone down from a frowns a most portentous frown. "Good land," says he, "I never see no winter weather like this."

The rain will fall, the winds will blow, and we shall have a power of snow."

Hi Whiffle-picks his goosebone up and looks as playful as a pup. Says he, "Well, well, my gay gazelle, we're in for just the nicest sport of weather that you've ever seen. The winter will be warm and green."

Now here's two takes as much alike as any you will chum to strike. You kin believe Hi, or side with Si? They both are men no coin would buy. But as both bones an' guess midway but as I kin't see, I say, I say.

In Low Esteem.

"Lend me a hundred, old man."

"I'll pay you six per cent interest."

"Six? I thought you'd pay six per cent of the principal I'd lay you have the money."

Can't Be Fooled.

"I don't want the custom of all the people," declared the first trust magnate.

"Oh, I see," said the second trust magnate.

"Honest. Don't you recollect what Lincoln said about all of the people?"

Emphatic.

"I'm told that you and your wife have never had a misunderstanding."

"That's right. It is virtually impossible to misunderstand my wife."

Restraint.

"Marvelous man, the President! Exhibits some new idea every day."

"That's what. In the New York campaign everybody is calling everybody else a liar, and yet he keeps out of it."

## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE DAMES OF ENGLAND.

(With apologies to Mrs. Hemans, and regards to Miss Pauline and her sister refractory.)

The stately dames of England,  
How boldly do they stand!  
A look of battle in the eye,  
A ballot in the hand.

The premier to seclusion bound,  
Across his office floor,  
And the anxious bobby on his rounds  
Hears their concerted roar.

The sturdy dames of England!  
Around the hearth at night  
They brood upon the ballot box,  
And plan their noble fight.

Between their voices breaks forth in song  
That rings with might and main,  
Or else tell earnestly how strong  
They'll be the next campaign.

The earnest dames of England!  
In Kansas long ago,  
We saw the women-folk arise  
And call for votes, just so.

Strong men went down before their rush,  
And Parliament there falls a hush,  
When they start up a row.

The queenly dames of England!  
They speak and try "Earl" Earl!  
While father in the summer  
Attends the children dear.

From early dawn till late at night,  
Their lectures never cease,  
And every suffragist in sight  
Says a Mary Ellen Lease.

The stately dames of England!  
They merely want to vote,  
And gently say they'll have their rights  
Or grip somebody's throat.

And hourly, when some public man  
Harks to their fearsome whoops,  
He hustens swiftly from their scan  
And begs: "Call out the troops!"

THE RESULT.

"If a man lays brick for three days," says the teacher, "at \$2 a day, and another man carries mortar to him at \$12 a day during that time, what do they make?"

The little boy who sends a walking delegation to the union, what do they make?"

They make the union send a walking delegation to the boy who has had some experience along those lines.

CARRYING IT TO EXTREMES.

Once postcarditis gets its fingers on a man it never lets go. Instead, its clutch grows stronger and stronger, until in the end it is an all-consuming master over him as any other habit. Take the case of Rudolph Blinkum as an example.

## PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Zeno Drops Out.

A familiar figure will be missing from the next Congress, that of the Hon. William T. Zeno, of Indiana. Judge Zeno has represented the Third district of Indiana for five consecutive terms, and he is one of the few survivors of that race of Hoosier Democrats that kept their party in the ascendancy for years and made Indiana the most important battle ground in the politics of the country next to New York. He was defeated for renomination this year by a Mr. Cox, and the methods employed by the factional opposition were of such a character that Judge Zeno appeared to be determined to make the race any way. When it became evident to him that his independent candidacy would lose the district to the Democrats he withdrew. His withdrawal occurred only a few days ago, and now he is giving loyal support to Cox.

Kearns Again Rampant.

Through his influential newspaper, the Salt Lake Tribune, the Hon. Thomas Kearns is pouring day after day a series of graps and canisters into the broad ranks of the Mormons in Utah, and all through it the same old story is told, where the Latter Day Saints constitute a powerful element in politics. Mr. Kearns served a short term in the Senate from Utah, and avowedly was defeated for reelection because he was not acceptable to the Mormon hierarchy. This charge, of course, the church authorities denied, and laid the blame to Mr. Kearns' shortcoming as a legislator. In support of his reports concerning his character which preceded his coming to Washington, Mr. Kearns cut a respectable figure in the Senate. Before he took his seat he was represented as a free, untrammelled millionaire, of grotesque personality and awkward bearing. He was not a member of the Senate long until it was discovered that he was a man of strong native ability, most of whom were anxious to adapt himself as unobtrusively as possible to his new environment. Only a few years before he was elected to the Senate, Mr. Kearns had been a day laborer in the mines of Utah, and by a stroke of rare good luck he had struck a gold mine that made him a twelve-times millionaire overnight. It was an open secret at the time of his election that Mormon influences were responsible for his sudden rise in politics, and the first year or two of his service in the Senate he seemed to get along swimmingly with the church authorities. He and the Hon. Reed Smoot, whose right to the seat of the latter was in doubt, were voted on soon after the opening of the next session of the Senate, had a quarrel over patronage, and this led to the election of Mr. Kearns to the Senate. It was not until after the election that it was revealed that he had to fight the Mormon organization, he purchased the Salt Lake Tribune, which, under his ownership, continues to be a first rate newspaper. Mr. Kearns is now identified with the American party in Utah, which is composed of both Republicans and Democrats, and whose principal tenet is opposition to Mormonism.

Thompson's Stormy Career.

The diplomatic career of the Hon. J. E. Thompson, Ambassador to Mexico, has been a stormy one indeed. Mark Hanna was responsible for Mr. Thompson's entrance into the diplomatic corps. The latter dead-locked the legislature of Nebraska for a long time with the late Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, in a fierce Senatorial contest, and it looked at one time as if the Republicans would lose their master of the Republican party, and from his office in Washington he faced a deal for Thompson to withdraw from the race in order that the deadlock might be broken. For this sacrifice Thompson was to be rewarded with the Ambassadorship to Mexico, which Gen. Powell Clayton should retain from the time he happened, however, that the doctory Arkansas statesman did not care to retire from the diplomatic service, even to accept his old friend Hanna, and it so fell out that Mr. Thompson had to accept the post of Ambassador to Brazil. He came back from Rio Janeiro about a year ago, and requested that he be transferred to Mexico, because he was having some trouble at the Brazilian capital. His case hung fire for quite a time, but finally Gen. Clayton agreed to resign and thus make room for the Nebraskaan. Now Mr. Thompson, it seems, is having trouble in Mexico, because he is having some trouble at the Brazilian capital. His case hung fire for quite a time, but finally Gen. Clayton agreed to resign and thus make room for the Nebraskaan. Now Mr. Thompson, it seems, is having trouble in Mexico, because he is having some trouble at the Brazilian capital.

Had Never Heard It.

One of the stock stories told about the American branch of the Bonaparte family is this: The grandfather of the present Secretary of the Navy, who was the son of the great Napoleon's brother by his marriage with Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore, was playing in a street of the Maryland metropolis with other urchins, on the skirts of a prim old lady who happened to be passing. "You little brat!" stormed the prim old lady, "who are you, anyway? I think I'll go tell your father." The father at that time was attending a ball in Europe upon which he had been placed by Napoleon as a reward for giving up his American wife. Straightening himself up haughtily, the son of the tenor of the world, replied: "I am the son of a King and the nephew of an Emperor." When a friend a few days ago asked Secretary Bonaparte if this story were true, the Secretary merely grunted "Umph," and then added: "That's a new one."

Gates Sets 'Em Guessing.

The news that John W. Gates has bet a lump sum of \$50,000 to \$100,000 on the election of Hughes has sort of upset the calculations among the politicians in Washington on the New York campaign. The feeling was beginning to grow strong among political experts here that Hearst would win. But John W. Gates was never known to lose an election bet, and he has a large number of thousands of political friends. It is not until the middle of the middle of October in the campaign of 1896, when the chances seemed to favor Bryan overwhelmingly, Gates made bets at 2 to 1 on McKinley aggregating several hundred thousand dollars. Nearly everybody at that time thought that McKinley was a wild partisan who was willing to lose his money in behalf of the cause. Gates is one of the few big plunkers who backed Higgins against Herrick in the last gubernatorial contest in New York. Gates is one of the few big plunkers who backed Higgins against Herrick in the last gubernatorial contest in New York. Gates is one of the few big plunkers who backed Higgins against Herrick in the last gubernatorial contest in New York.

All Looked Alike.

Uncle Eph had long boasted that he had never needed the services of a doctor, but now he was ill, and his neighbor felt that the time had come when a physician should be called.

"Come, now, Uncle Eph," said she, "we will call whomever you wish—you know there's a good apothecary and a good doctor. Now, who'll you have?"

"Wal," drawled Uncle Eph, "I dunno ez it matters—they do say that all patils lead to the grave."

Where We Lead Them.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"After all," said the British manufacturer, on a visit to America, "there's nothing you make here that we do not make in England."

"You're mistaken," replied the native; "there's one thing you don't seem able to make in England."

What's that, pray?

"Haste."

## ELIMINATE SIDE LINES.

Railroad Managers Should Stick to the Railroad Business.

From the Kansas City Star.

The evidence so far secured in the inquiry into the grain commission business amply sustains the assertion of one elevator operator that the methods employed by the railroads to secure grain deliveries have been equivalent to the grant of rebates on other shipments. Whether prosecution will follow and whether they can be upheld in the present state of the law are questions which do not affect the principle in issue.

Enough has been developed in this investigation to support the contention forced by the rebate and other scandals: That railroads should stick to the railway business.

The principle embodied in the Elkins amendments to the rate bill should be carried into effect in every possible application. A common carrier should not be law be permitted to own or operate grain elevators or coal mines or oil wells or other agencies in the production of commodities for shipment. Whether they sort inevitably foster monopoly or favoritism and ruin healthful competition.

The railway business alone is vast and complex enough to present trying problems of regulation. But the government should not be confused with other enterprises. To separate it from these alien affairs and to prevent it from such kindred manipulations as land grabs constituting a prime essential in the policy toward which the President is exerting his greatest efforts and in which the government shall control the railways instead of the railways controlling the government.

## VITAL QUESTION INVOLVED.

New Aspect of Race Problem Presented by Japanese Case.

From the New York World.

If the San Francisco board of education can exclude Japanese children it can exclude English or French or German children, regardless of treaties entered into with the United States government.

Presumably it would never undertake to do such a thing, but the principle is the same.

A decision of the United States Supreme Court on this issue might have an important bearing on all the laws and ordinances adopted in various States on account of race or color prejudice. For example, if the city of San Francisco cannot exclude Japanese children, it cannot exclude the children of the West Indians, who are British subjects, to ride in Jim-crow cars. An entirely new aspect of the race question is presented by these California proceedings, and it is conceivable that the decision of the court may be of very great political importance, domestic as well as foreign, entirely apart from the mere commercial considerations involved.

Plea for the American Bee.

From the New York Globe.

One hundred and sixty million pounds of honey seems like a good deal for bugs the size of bees to collect every year, and yet this is credibly reported by Vice Consul Charles Karminski, of Seattle, to be the regular annual supply of the world.

Germany, he says, leads the nations, with 20,000 tons a year, followed by Spain with 10,000. Austria is a good third, with 10,000, and France brings up the rear of the principals with 10,000 tons per annum. Several other European countries are credited with a few thousand tons, but the United States is not even mentioned in the list. So far as the reader learns there might be no bees in this country at all. We don't know where Vice Consul Karminski hails from, but presume it is the United States, as his statements are published in a United States consular report. If this is the case he had better look to his laurels. Any representative who allows the Spanish to brag about their honey is a disgrace to his country.

The Yankee honey makers are not fit for a consular post. As a matter of fact, the American bee is a highly expert and persevering workman, being not only unobtrusive but double ended as well.

Poverty and Drink in England.

Mr. Lloyd-George, a member of the British Cabinet, in a recent speech in Wales, said that there were tens of millions of persons in the United Kingdom enduring, year after year, the torture of "living on, lacking the bare necessities of life," and all this existed amid a splendid plenty which poured into a land so wealthy that it could afford to loan out of its treasury rich thousands of millions to less well endowed lands in other parts of the world. One of the causes, he said, was the fact that so many were unable to earn sufficient to maintain themselves and their families. He asserted that there was a large percentage of the population of sober, clean men and women who suffered the privations of unmerited poverty. He said that a large percentage of poverty was due to drink and gambling, and he added that the next year the government meant to wrestle with the drink problem in earnest.

The Feather in the Cap.

From the London Chronicle.

In connection with the alarming statement that the green Tyrolese hat with a feather in the band is to become a fashionable wear for men in London, it may be observed that the phrase "a feather in his cap" has not always been complimentary. Dr. Brewer gives us much lore concerning the old Hungarian rule that a man might not wear such a feather until he had killed a Turk, and the similar significance of plunage on the heads of Red Indians, Braves and Aztec warriors. But we learn from the "Dictionary of the Canting Crew," published about 1700, that "he has a feather in his cap," was then a gentle way of calling a man a fool; and "Jaw" with the "feather" was another version of the same. The London street boy may probably be relied upon to revive that old idea, with improvements.

Brother Williams and the 'Possum.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"I don't want to remember you as a saint," said a high "boss" laugh last," said Brother Williams to the "possum" that was grinning at him from the treetop. "So you needn't show 'e toones ter